

Reality is what you see when you open your eyes

Barry Wyatt Jr.



**Threads of Fantasies woven into colorful fabrics
can be sewed together into different realities.**

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Reality is what you see when you open your eyes

Barry Wyatt Jr.

The thing about being in jail is the bars and the guards won't let you out. The key words is they won't let you out.

You may be shocked to learn that church of God Preachers twisted God's words to mentally imprison God's people inside of stories they created using terror as bars and demons as guards. Stories created by jumping crying preachers claiming they speak for God can use the Bible to Create stories that can mentally imprisoned people for life without any chance of parole or escape.

My grandmother after a Church of God Preacher brutally sexually assaulted her baby and branded her as a disreputable troublemaker continued walking with her baby to the Church of God with money in a brown envelope to pay the minister that sexually abused her baby until the day she died. Because she was in a mental jail for life without any chance of escape.

You say no one would pay for food, heating oil and shelter for anyone that Sexually assaulted them or their baby because they allow a story to imprisons them. Then how do you explain parents all over the world paying for food, heating oil and shelter for ministers that Sexually assaulted their children and then branded their children as lying troublemakers.

Prayers of Barry Wyatt Jr.

Babies souls crying
in the pale moonlight
as Church of God Preachers
Blame their Mother

Prayers of Barry Wyatt Jr.

The Jumping Preacher Man on Delmarva
with his white bible and young sunday school teacher
on the backseat of his new buick came to cambridge maryland

Jumping Preacher Man laughed,danced and cried
until the he started Propheying that I was
a possessed troublemaker talking against holy man of God
blaming them for being human when immoral young women
filled with evil spirits Tempted Holy Man
beyond their ability to resist

Jumping Preacher Man the holy man of God
mumbled strange words as he started dancing
and running ran around the church
Yelling and crying about young women
doing the The devil's work by
tempting Preachers to do wicked sinful things

Jumping Preacher Man saw the gun in his wife's hand
The next thing he knew she was dead on the floor
Prayers of Barry Wyatt Jr
“Everyone who sins is a slave to sin” - Jesus Christ

Family and friends are the winds beneath your wings
and when you're sick they make you chicken soup
If you have no family or friends money works

Barry Wyatt Jr

Possessed Troublemaker

The sky looks as bleak as my life:.Outside the ground looks white in the moonlight because it is covered with an icy snow.I can hear and feel the icy cold wind howling through the cracks creating a feeling of helplessness beyond your understanding..

My home is buried in a white icy snow.Looking out my window I can only see a faint yellowish glow on the snow from the moon light.All is quiet in cambridge because the town is covered with this white icy snow.

I'm freezing and very fragile because I had no heat I'm out of heating oil and I had no way to get anymore heating oil.I walked about an half mile and got heating oil before the icy snow came.But now I'm to weak to make the trip again. I'm weaker now because I have not eaten and I am cold and hungry, my kitchen has no food and its walls are covered with ice..

I'm slowly freezing and I am slowly starving I am also slowly losing the battle to overcome feeling helpless.

I know things were going to be difficult for me when the locals started shunning me and the Members and Preachers of my local Church of God in Cambridge Maryland disappeared from my life like thieves in the night after stealing my ability to function as a normal human being in the local community by labeling me as a Possessed Troublemaker.

Labeling People as troublemakers help the Members and Preachers of the Church of God to cover up how they twisted the words of God to do immoral things to babies,like my mother that was raped as a baby by a Church of God preacher on Springfield Avenue in Cambridge Maryland that left her feeling helpless and easy prey.The same Predators that preyed on my mother when their African-American renters didn't have the money to pay their rent would remove their doors and windows and turn off their electric and water and expected their helpless young girls to go with them until their rent with interest was paid.

Prayers of Barry Wyatt Jr.

<http://barrywyattjr.blogspot.com/>

I feel like a shadow that never walked in the sunlight

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Young sweet Cherries kissing
and loving on hot summer nights
while eating crab cakes with summer wine.

Barry Wyatt Jr.



The winds from Angels wings
healed the souls on Delmarva
But when Church of God Preachers
Blew across Delmarva
the winds were evil and soulless
that twisted God's words
so they could Rape and sell Babies
Barry Wyatt Jr.
My Stories are not unknown to God



Cambridge Maryland
where Bible carrying Holy Rollers
refused to get involved with “that girl “
so “that girl” kept to myself
which is the way she liked it

Barry Wyatt Jr.
Our Stories are known to God

Driven by his insatiable need for revenge,
The young crabber planned to hurt
the church of god preacher in Cambridge Maryland
the way the preacher did his father
by offering up the soul of his lovely wife to the Devil.
The young wife tempted beyond reason
enjoyed incredible sexual pleasure
by giving her body to the young crabber
and her soul to the Devil.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Stories are known to God

The cute girl from church creek
with petite fingers and red nails
laid on a couch covered with cheap fabric from the 5&10
while her sundress and white pants laid on the floor next to a black Bible
How beautiful she was laying there smiling as the Holy Roller Preacher
got down on his knees and asked God to forgive
the cute girl from church creek with petite fingers and red nails
for causing him a man of God to sin

Barry Wyatt Jr

Our Stories are not unknown to God

My life was complete at age sixteen.
with a ring on my high school sweethearts finger
and a son at my side I set out to create my life

I never believed that
this kind of happiness was possible
and as my love blossom
so did My Garden

Living is never easy for anyone
but while my Garden was blooming
invisible soulless hungry sharks
consumed my family, my love
and my belief in God

Open Life of Barry Wyatt Jr.
Our Stories are known to God

She was Crying
as she walked into her Preachers office
in the small church on Springfield ave in Cambridge Maryland .
Her Preacher did not respond to her tearful greeting
and without looking into her eyes
he put his hand up her cute new yellow sundress
that she had just bought at the 5&10.
and said “you are a source of endless hardship
to me,your church and to your family”.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

IT was a cool evening with a moon shining over a garden
In the garden was a young lady looking up at the moon
It was very still and cool in the garden with its dark peaceful shadows
The young lady had a feeling, a sweet feeling
that she was beginning to blossom in a new mysterious way
that was far beyond her understanding.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

If I did not have Demons
would I have Angels

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Monday morning not yet 6 o'clock but the restaurant is already open.

The cook a greasy ex-waterman is busy clearing up.

The restaurant is small and narrow but very clean as is the Eastern shore way.

The walls are hung with pictures of crabbing boats, ducks and a few girls in sundresses.

the cook hears the sounds of the old antique bell that hangs over the door

and saw an attractive tanned young lady that picks crabs at Clayton crab house.

When the greasy ex- Waterman ask her how she was doing she said "I'm in a poor way

I have the flu and a high temperature. I just came from my sickbed

to get some of your homemade chicken soup and a soft crab sandwich

with sharp cheese and Apple vinegar to heal me.

My mother wants me to go to the jumping crying preacher on Springfield Avenue

for prayer that my cousin went to the time she got depressed

over her husband sleeping with a holy roller on the hill at Cambridge Creek.

but she became more depressed nine months later when she had the preachers baby.

So there is no way I'm going to see that preacher,

your chicken soup and soft crab sandwiches with Apple vinegar may not heal me

but I know they won't make me pregnant .

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Open Prayers allows us to Communicate

When I arrived in Cambridge Maryland I scarcely recognized it.

Everything had changed, years ago Cambridge creek
had crabbing boats with White Houses and girls in sundresses picking crabs
while their father's went out on the River to work in their homemade wooden skiffs.

But today the city people have built a boat yard on the creek
with their big ugly fiberglass boats and build big tall caves they call condominiums
that have destroyed the Creek and it's quite life they came to enjoy.

Its strange that city people go to small towns to enjoy them and then turned them into the big ugly cities.
Today there are no boys crabbing on the creek for soft crabs for dinner, No more Waterman repairing their fishing nets.

And on Peach blossom where I went to school there is a Church of God that looks like it's needs repair..

So instead of the sound of kids playing in the schoolyard we have Holy Rollers dancing shouting and crying
about saving each other and the world from the devil. It looks like to me instead of trying to save the world from the devil
they should have saved Cambridge from the city people that have demolish their way of life.

I also learned that 99% of all the people I eat crabs with ,build boats and repaired fishnets with have all die
and that their descendents have been reduced to poverty by Jumping Preachers and the city people.

When I was a young boy in Cambridge it was stiller than the creek on a hot windless day
and humbler than the creek weeds with its abundance of crabs and rockfish.

And I remember my grandmother never closed her doors or windows on cool summer nights.

I think someone should go to the graveyard on Route 50 were my family and friends are buried
and and dig a grave and put up a tombstone that says here lies the city Cambridge killed by a disease called progress.

Barry Wyatt Jr. Open Prayers

I Never Expected It

IT was late at night when the Cambridge Maryland waterman with a very happy face run into his house on Cambridge Creek and hurriedly ran up stairs to his bedroom.

His wife already in bed was hoping to get a good night sleep because she had to get up at 4AM to pick crabs.

“I never expected it,It's . . . it's positively astounding!”

His wife set up in her bed as her husband told her that while at the Church of God campground at the altar he confessed all his sins about his drinking and womanizing ways and that God had given him .

The next morning when he came home off the River from a hard day of crabbing in the hot July sun he found his wife and changed all of the locks on the their house and put all of his belongings outside by the creek with a note that said “God may have forgiven you but I have not”.

Barry Wyatt Jr. Open Prayers
Open Prayers allows us to Know

Who really cares ?

In the twilight with flakes of wet cold snow whirling lazily about its streets
Cambridge Maryland with its street lamps changing colors
from the snow falling on them is going to sleep
as a couple knocks on the door of their church of god ministers home
As he opens the door they cried out
"our son has died tonight from the flu going around
He laid all day and a night in the Cambridge hospital and then he just died"
as the wet cold snow paints them white
the Church of God Holy Roller Preacher says "God's will."

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Open Prayers allows us to Communicate

Picking crabs at the suicide Bridge
I felt feared deep down in my soul
when a Holy Roller Preacher
said " God wants you to be my wife"
I said No I said No No
When he became angry and grab me
Something came out of the river
Looking awake but not alive
It grabbed the Screaming crying preacher
and carried his heartless soul
into the river where the babies cry.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

When God sent angels
to heal the souls on Delmarva
during World War II
The healing breeze from their wings
saved sick dying souls
But when Delmarva Church of God Preachers
blew across Delmarva
the Breeze was evil and soulless
that twisted God's word
to make poor uneducated mothers
to feel unworthy so they could
Rape and sell Babies
Barry Wyatt Jr. Open Prayers
Prayers allows us to Communicate

O Brothers, Sisters, Fathers, and Mothers
Go on down to the Suicide Bridge
and be Baptize the good old bible way
you don't need

Bible Shouting Cambridge Maryland Preachers
With their his hands all over your mothers
To be Baptize the good old bible way
Barry Wyatt Jr. Prays

His burning passion heats to a boiling point
In the shore town of Cambridge Maryland
For an adorable Members Daughter that is one wicked girl.
The church of God Preacher first move to get her did not end well
No one wants them to be together.
Not his wife or the members of his church
The members know about her mysterious side.
The pastor knowing having her would not end will
His Burning Passion for her Continues
Until he removed her yellow sundress on suicide Bridge
On a dark moonless night
Barry Wyatt Jr.

No Heat No Food
Mama and Preacher man in the bedroom
Daddy working at the crab house
Kids Gazing at the cold moon
as the town of Cambridge sleeps
Barry Wyatt Jr.

I was told to Stop Sharing my
Prayers or Else

Stopping the sharing of Prayers
with songs and stories by making it
a crime or by using Brutal threats
and force is always fatal to a
healthy and free society.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

My father a Preacher believed in freedom
to Pray and to worship and to live our lives free from people
that feel they are more worthy
and therefore have the right to control others
by enslaving or exterminating them.
He volunteered in World War II
and after being shot down flying over Germany
he became a prisoner of war.
While a prisoner of war he was starved and raped
for praying for other prisoners.
After the war at a reunion I was told that my father's refusal
to become a slave to the Nazi guards kept them alive.
My father's entire crew survived to return home to their families.
I believe the same as my father
and had struggle all my life to have and to kept my basic human rights
and Like my father I will never die as a slave in fear.
Barry Wyatt Jr.

Sharing our Prayers
With songs and stories
Must never be a crime
If it should become a crime
It would be a fatal disease
to a healthy and free society
Barry Wyatt Jr. Sharing

An adorable church of god girl with
Her pastor on the suicide bridge
On a hot moonless night was rape
The pastor blamed her for what he did
Because she was dressing in an immoral way
She believed her pastor and thought
The only way to redeem herself
Was to marry a decent man

She entered into it with all of her heart
Determined to find the right man to give heart and soul to
But her hopes are dashed when her Pastors wife
Tells the church members about the wicked things she
Did to her innocent godly husband on the suicide bridge
So Believing the Pastor's wife
The people of Cambridge Maryland shunned her

She walked alone to Clayton's crab House
In the cold rain and hot summer sun to the end of her days
While the her Pastor drives in Buicks with young
Girls to the end of his days
Barry Wyatt Jr.

For a church of God Preacher
Getting to have sex with a woman in their church
is not difficult.

However, getting her to come back for more
Without telling, can sometimes be a problem.

Whether she is married or not
To keep her legs open and her mouth shut
Giving her some of the churches money works
Barry Wyatt Jr.

Holy rollers crying and shouting
Evil Rising
As cherries are blooming
Barry Wyatt Jr.

People Waste their limited time above ground
being a slave in someone else's story.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

People Waste their life
Singing in someone else's musical
Barry Wyatt Jr.

The fastest way to waste your life
Is by saying “but I love him”

The second fastest way
Is by saying
"I loved him and I thought he loved me"
Barry Wyatt Jr.

Being alive is walking with a friend in the sunlight

Being dead is being in a cold dark hole alone

While someone else walks in the sunlight with your friend

Remembering this helps keep us about ground

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Struggle not to be of value to another
but to be of value to you
Barry Wyatt Jr.

Reading books
that say your purpose in life
should be serving others
is the starting point
of a wasted life.

Barry Wyatt Jr.

Life is what happens to you
while you are busy living
Barry Wyatt Jr.

Thrown off the bow lines
Catch the Trade winds of life
Search, Dream, Discover.
Be not afraid to live
Barry Wyatt Jr.

You can never sail on the winds of life
Until you have the courage to die on them
It takes no courage just to eat sleep work and die
Barry Wyatt Jr.

You do not have to examine a rose to enjoy one
You do not have to examine life to enjoy it
Barry Wyatt Jr.

The most important days in your life
Are between the day you were born
and the day you die
Barry Wyatt Jr.